Anna Mary's Story

What does one say about one's self? It does little good to repeat facts that are on family charts. As a child I was gay and happy, able to make friends easily. As an adult I was strict - and sharp at times- yet with the gayety and ability to make friends still there. I once asked Lee how he was drawn to me. He said, "Oh, you were always having so much fun." (Those may not have been his exact words but that was the idea.) I was a child who played hard. My mother once said to me, "I comb Pauline's hair in the morning and at the end of the day her hair is as neat as when I combed it. You - I comb your hair and in half an hour you come in looking as if you never had a mother."

I studied hard and did well in school. My mother saw to it that we completed our homework every night. She always checked our homework in our early years and made us look for our mistakes, not correcting them herself. She wanted us to do well in school and we did. When I completed the last year in grade school in Dalton, Ga., I was awarded the Gold History star for the highest achievement among the girls in the class. My mother was very proud of that star. In my high school days I was careless with it. To be sure it would be safe, my mother put it away, so safely that we never found it again.

I was born on the first or second day of summer (June 22.1910). The weather was so cold before my birth that they had to have a fire in the house. After my birth, the weather was so hot they had to bring my mother and me down from the upstairs bedroom to the first floor where it was cooler. I was born in Lancaster County, PA , the heart of the Pennsylvania Dutch country. My birthplace was less than a mile from my mother's birthplace, in the little settlement of Eden on the New Holland Pike about four miles from the city of Lancaster. I was born in a row of houses on Eden Road . (Today they would be called town houses.) The house was still standing in 1985. We took a picture of it. We must not have had running water in the house because I have a picture of my sister and me standing near the pump where we would get water. When I was four years old, my parents built a lovely big home at the corner of the Eden Road and the New Holland Pike. It had all the modern conveniences of that time. That is the house that I remember. I was sad when they tore it down to make room for a gas station.

The "big house" (as I called it) was square with two rooms and a wide hallway across the front. One room was the living room. The other was built to house a store, which my father owned and ran for a short time. Back of the living room was the dining room. Back of the hall and the store were the kitchen and storerooms. To reach the second floor you went up the steps from the front of the house. The bedrooms and bath were built around the large hall. There were four bedrooms and a bath. There was a third floor but I do not really recall it. The outside of the house was yellow clapboard. A large porch went around three sides of the house. We had only a small yard in the front, but a large garden in the back where we raised most of our vegetables.

My mother's birthplace was also on the Eden Road but on the other side of the New Holland Pike. It was across the road from the old school house which later became the church and still later the firehouse. My grandfather was a blacksmith and owned a fine blacksmith shop with a lovely red brick house next to it. The blacksmith shop and the house were still in use when I was a little girl. Today (1985) only the house remains. The shop has long since given way to a parking lot.

I remember only a few things from my early childhood. Some are the result of pictures which we have; others are from stories which my mother told me. Only one do I remember from my own memories.

We have a picture of the Sunday School which met in the no longer used school house. This building was diagonally across the New Holland Pike from "the Big House." This Sunday School was the result of the concern of a resident of Eden, Gertrude Eby, for the little children who were having no chance to learn about the Christian faith beyond their home. Gertrude was a family friend until her death. She was a member of St. Paul's Reformed Church in the city of Lancaster to which she went to speak about the need for church leaders in the little village of Eden. St. Paul's Church sent Mr. William Jacoby to start a Sunday School, with Gertrude to be a teacher of the little children. (This may not be all the facts, but it is as I remember it from my childhood memories.)

That Sunday School became Grace Reformed Church, Eden. In its early days Lancaster Theological Seminary sent students to do the preaching. I remember one who was Mr. Headaman because of a story my mother told me. It was the custom to have families entertain the student-preacher at dinner after church. One Sunday Mr. Headaman was to be our guest. In my childish mind I confused Mr. Headaman with Mr. Heaven. When my mother told me about his coming, I dashed to my sister, exploding, "Pauline, God's coming to dinner!"

The student-preacher I remember best was the one who became our pastor, the Rev. Jeremiah Rothermel, whom my mother called "Jerry." She thought he was a wonderful preacher and loved to sit with him to discuss theology. Later when the Rev. Charles Spotts was our pastor in St. Peter's Church, Lancaster, Mother often compared the two men. She respected both men highly, largely, I think, because they both took seriously her intellectual interest in the Christian faith.

When Jerry Rothermel was installed as pastor of Grace Church, Eden, I was asked to welcome him and to present him with a bouquet of flowers from the children. I was four years old at the time. Mother used to tell me how the congregation laughed when I presented the flowers with a deep bow and with a short speech of welcome which I had memorized. Jerry Rothermel was the minister who baptized me. I was not baptized until I was eight years old because my mother would not have the baptism until my father would stand with her. Jerry Rothermel always remembered that he had baptized me and would relate this fact to folks at Lancaster Theological Seminary where my husband was professor.

Another story my mother told me about those early years was about the

time when my sister, Pauline, started going to school, two years before I could go. We had been constant playmates. I missed her dreadfully. By this time we lived in the big house where, if I stood in the front yard, I could look down the road and see the schoolhouse. My mother said that I would stand there and wail for a long time, "I want my Pauly! I want my Pauly!"

All our lives my sister and I were very close. In those early years she would come home and teach me all that she had learned at school. As a result of her teaching, I was ready for second grade when I entered school. Because of that, my first grade teacher did not know what to do with me. I do not remember what happened in those years but I do remember my mother saying that I skipped second grade. So the teacher must have promoted me to third grade at the end of my first year in school.

The school which I entered for the first time was a two room school - four grades in one room. It was a new building. Before that, if I remember correctly, the school was a one room school, now a house further up the pike toward the Eden Road. My mother taught for one year in the Eden school, 1898-1899, but I do not know in which building she taught. The church when I was little was at one time a school and later a firehouse. The school I attended is still standing but is used as a home.

As mentioned before, I was a harum-scarum child. Evidently I often traded hats. Twice in my first year I came home with lice, to the disgust of my mother. After the second time having my head scrubbed with kerosene, I must have learned not to trade hats again. After the second episode, my mother went to the teacher, asking that she examine the heads of all the children and that the culprits be sent home to have their heads cleaned. This was done because the teacher did not want lice either!

We did not have running water in the school, but had to go to the next-door neighbor's house for water. The water was carried in buckets and only the boys or bigger girls were allowed to go for water. I never made the grade. To get past the fence around the school yard, the carriers had to climb a stile - up one side of the fence and down the other. This always made the trip fun, especially when the buckets were full of water.

When I entered school my classmates were Ruth Weinhold, Mary Spence, her brother, Paul Martin, and Henry Luke Esbenshade. I have a picture of that group sitting on the front steps of the school. The girls were a motley looking group! I cannot remember who was in the other class to which I was promoted, probably because we never had a picture of that group.

As I try to draw upon my own memory of that time, I have great difficulty. The story I remember best is about the time we moved from the little house to the big house. My mother always said she did not remember it but that was probably because we never told her about it. Daniel Shaub used his wagon to move our furniture from one house to the other. One load carried a dresser with a mirror attached. I must have been watching the whole procedure closely because Dan picked me

up, saying, "Want a ride?" I rode the 100 yards or so up the road looking at myself and watching the scenery go by. It was a vivid memory and has remained with me all these years.

Another picture we have is of my sister and me, along with an older girl, Malinda Shaub, and our dog, Rex, sitting on a rock down along the Conestoga Creek. Malinda had taken us for a walk, along with the person who took the picture at the time. We were dressed in good clothes, so it must have been on a Sunday. In later years Malinda remembered taking care of us, our baby-sitter in the days before that word was used. Malinda's mother, Kate Shaub, on occasion helped my mother with the housework. Malinda's brother, Dan, as it was needed, helped my mother bring my father down the road from the streetcar, when he could not make it on his own.

In those early years my father was a shadowy figure. I never saw him much because he worked at the Hamilton Watch Co. ten to twelve hours a day, six days a week. I have a lovely memory and a sad memory of him of that time. My lovely memory is of his holding me on his lap, singing to me in a low, almost monotone voice. The only song I remember is "Silver Threads among the Gold." I have seldom felt the contentment which I felt at that time sitting in his lap. The sad memory I have is the result of his alcoholism. I remember seeing my mother with her lip bleeding and her dress torn because my father had been drinking too much. I never saw my mother hurt again, but this memory has influenced my whole life against the use of beverage alcohol. This problem caused my father to move to the dry states in the south. All his life when he could no longer resist the impulse, he went south where he could not get it.

My mother was the strong influence in my life. She was a strict mother - stern at times- never given to showing much affection, yet I knew that she loved me. I remember being spanked but in later life she said it seldom happened. One story which she told me concerned a dish of fruit which always sat on the lower part of a table, (We still have that table.) I always wanted to take some fruit from that dish. When Mother would see me going toward the fruit , she would stand and frown at me. I would edge closer to the fruit, watching her all the time. If I saw the slightest smile on her face, I would grab the fruit and run and eat it, but if she kept looking stern, I would eventually walk away. She said it was very hard to keep looking stern while this was happening.

My grandmother lived with us for several years at the close of her life. These were hard years for my mother. She had two small children, a large house to take care of, in the summer we had a large garden. Two of my father's nephews, my mother's nephews and a niece would spend time with us in the summer. My grandmother was ill during most of that time. Grandma had had strokes and was bedridden. Her children would come to visit her, adding to my mother's work. I remember my grandmother with much affection, although I was only six when she died. My father said she was the kindest woman he had ever met. In her very last days Pauline and I had to sit with her while my mother did her work. As I said in writing about her, I did not remember being upset by this, even though I was a very active child. We have a picture of my grandmother with four of her grandchildren,

our cousins Mildred and Melvin Brubaker, Pauline and me. I have no other recollections of my grandmother, so she must have lived with us only when she was ill. She is buried in Mellinger's Cemetery, east of Lancaster, along with her son and husband who had died many years before.

My mother's brothers were great figures in my early years, espcially Uncle Mart and Uncle Frank. These were the closing years of my grandmother's life. They came often to see her, so we got to see them. Uncle Mart had a Model-T Ford and often took us for a ride. He would go as fast as the car could up a hill, then take his foot off the gas at the crest. We would squeal with delight at the sensation in our stomachs. Uncle Frank would leave a packet of nickels at our bedroom door and the next morning would claim to know nothing about it. Our cousins, my father's newphews and my mother's niece and newphews all visited us in the summer. George Hinkle, many years later, reminded me that he had to help pick potatoe bugs off the plants and throw them in kerosene.

Atlanta

We moved to Atlanta, Ga. when I was nine years old. We had spent the summer before in Atlanta to see if we liked living there. Mother, Pauline and I returned to Eden in the fall to sell our house and prepare to move. Daddy remained in Atlanta. By April the house was sold and school had ended. So we moved south.

I remember the train rides as we traveled back and forth. We traveled by coach, taking our food with us, buying coffee (to have something warm in our stomachs) and supplementary food on the train. I remember one conductor who always stopped at our seat to chat with us. We had told him that our uncle was a conductor on the Pennsylvania Railroad. He was always interested in the games we had to play. One that espcially interested him was called "Puzzle Peg." You had to jump pegs over each other, taking out those jumped over. Finally only one peg remained. To win the game that peg had to be in the middle of the board. It was not easy to do and I struggled mightily. He enjoyed all this.

To me all this was exciting - new friends on the train, new friends where we were going. To my sister it was a little frightening. To my mother it was a good time and a sad time. She too looked forward to meeting new people in a different culture. It was a sad time because she was leaving her beloved Pennsylvania. Mama could never accommodate herself easily out of that state.

In Atlanta my father had arranged an apartment for us at 532 Capitol Ave. It was a duplex apartment and we lived on the second floor. The Bansley family lived on the first floor. Mrs. Bansley and Mama became good friends. The Bansley children did not "match" us entirely in age but Margaret and Pauline were the same age and soon became close friends. Louise Bansley was two years older than Margaret and I was two years younger than Pauline but when we played together, Louise and I paired up and Margaret and Pauline were the other pair. A son, John , was older and never entered into our lives. I do not remember Mr. Bansley at all. At that time Daddy was head watchmaker in the

Schneider Jewelry Store, a job he much preferred to working in a watch factory where he had worked most of his life.

The duplex we lived in was next to a high hill, on the top of which lived some of our friends. I remember Virginia but no one else. A game I remember playing was writing messages in code and hiding them in the garden or hillside. Each message was a clue as to where the next message could be found. The message had to be decoded but the hiding place was easy to find. Pauline and Margaret were usually one team and Louise and I the other. I cannot remember the games we played with our other friends, but they probably were the usual ones played all over the world - hide-and-seek, kick-the-can and others.

The school I attended I cannot remember, except that it was near a Jewish orphanage and there were many Jewish children in the school. I think I still have a picture of my class in that school. (1986) I do remember my mother having to go to bat for me to have me put in the proper grade. The Principal said I was too young and too small for that grade. Our school year in Pennsylvania had been completed in April, but the school year in Atlanta ran until June. My mother thought it would be good to have us in school those additional weeks so that we could become acquainted with the school system. Although I had finished fourth grade and had been promoted to fifth grade, the principal wanted to put me back into third grade, according to my chronological age. My mother insisted with no small degree of courage that I be given the chance to see what I could do, to which they agreed. I had no trouble with the school work and went into fifth grade in the fall.

In Atlanta we had to buy our school books. I still have two of them, a reader and a civics book. Just now (1985) I went back to read that civics book. Its purpose was to learn about our government and to teach patriotism. The book was probably written by a New Englander but was published by s Southern company, the Ginn Co. I wondered what it said about the negroes. It grouped them with the Indians, saying that both groups had been denied their rights in the past but said nothing about the denial of their rights in the present. The copyright of the book was 1918.

Dalton

In less that a year after our arrival in Atlanta my father had the opportunity to buy a store in Dalton, Ga., a town in north Georgia, about 30 miles south of Chatanooga, TN. It was at this time that my father appears to come out of the shadows of my memories and becomes a real person. In those years he was a delightful, understanding father, involving us in the work of the store, to our great pleasure. These years in Dalton were, perhaps, the most satisfying years of my father's life. This I tell in my story about my father.

Advertisements of the store were sent out throughout the county several times a year. Mama, Pauline and I addressed all the brochures. At Christmas time my father sold Christmas greeting cards. At first Pauline was allowed to sell them. A year later I was allowed to join her. Sometimes mother went down to wash the crystal but she

soon learned that this was not the proper thing to do. She never tried to sell anything.

When we first moved to Dalton we lived on Thornton Avenue. For me these were joyously happy years. I had many friends. Best friends were Mary Elizabeth Smith, Rebecca Lawton, Sarah McGhee, Elizabeth Denton. Other friends were Sue and Charlotte Pruden, Adele Hollingsworth. Boys and girls played together. I remember Alfred Jones for a special reason. Shortly after we moved to Dalton, Alfred's Sunday School Class had a party to which he invited me to go with him. We dashed home to ask my mother's permission . The party was to be held the next evening. My mother had not lived long enough in Dalton to have friends to ask what was the proper thing to do. I am sure she thought I was too young to go to parties with boys but her refusal to let me go was that he had invited me too late. One invites a girl at least a week before the party! More than 60 years later I can still feel the let-down when no amount of coaxing, no amount of friends telling her that they too had just been invited, would make her change her mind. I did not go to that party. Some months later the S.S. teacher told mother the rest of the story. Young Alfred came to her and said, "Next time we have a party, set the date two weeks ahead because I want to take Anna Mary Hinkle and her mother won't let her go unless she knows two weeks ahead of time!"

There were many other parties to which I was allowed to go. These were different from any other parties which I had attended. The parties were really dances - the reason for boy inviting girl. If you could not dance, you promenaded up and down the street with the partner with whom you might have danced. Since I didn't dance, I spent the evening walking and chattering with all the others in the promenade. I just loved it, but I wish now I had learned to dance. I never did dance very well.

We never had a party like that in our home. The only party I remember was in honor of my twelfth birthday. I probably would not remember it at all except that we have a picture of it - all girls and all dressed in their prettiest dresses, with bows in their hair.

The friend I liked best was Mary Elizabeth, or Mary Libby, as we called her. I went most often to her house (Alfred Jones lived nearby). The outdoor game that I remember best was kick-the-can. Mary Libby's house was lovely and big; she wore such nice clothes. Yet, strangely I never thought of her as rich. The rich girls to me were the Pruden sisters. I don't know why. The friends who lived closest to me were Rebecca Lawton and Sarah McGhee. We often played together. When we moved to another house (on the other side of the railroad tracks) these two and Mary Libby were the only ones who ever came to visit.

I remember that Rebecca's father was a scoutmaster. One summer he was preparing to take the scouts on an outing. He put the tent and cots out to air in preparation for the trip. One night he told Rebecca that she could invite some of her friends to sleep in the tent. It was such fun, perhaps my one and only "slumber party." We talked, giggled, ate, told Ghost stories, shrieked when the boys came peeking into the tent. (They were only Rebecca's older brothers and their

friends.) Later the next school year (I was a freshman in high school then), we had to write a story and I wrote about that night. One sentence in that story was, "About ten o'clock we had a midnight snack." I remember that sentence very well because the teacher, Miss Feminear, ridiculed me, "Anna Mary, how could you eat a midnight snack at ten o'clock?" All the children laughed. I was crushed.

It is strange that I cannot remember many boys of my own age. I remember the older boys - Pete Sims, the Presbyterian minister's son; Bob McGhee, Sarah's brother; Walter Jones, Alfred's brother and the Baptist minister's son whose name I do not remember, but who was tall and, I thought, very handsome. The only boy of my own class that I do remember was R.E. Hamilton. He and I were competitors in school. I had no girl competitors, although Charlotte Pruden was closest. R.E. had the same initials as my father, R.E. Hinkle. My father's initials stood for Ralph Elwood, but R.E. Hamilton said that his stood for nothing. R.E. was his name. I thought this to be extremely funny. R.E and I were not only competitors, comparing every mark we received, but we liked each other in that pre-teen fashion, when we would not admit it. R.E. would bring me yellow roses. I remember that Sarah McGhee would beg him for them. Once in awhile he would give her one. (I just remembered that sometimes we would bring jonquils to school and stick them in our inkwells. Then we would watch the blue ink make green stripes up the yellow flowers.) Back to R.E., I think when he was grown, he was in some way related to the bed-spread industry (now carpet industry). One time I saw the by-line in the Christian Science Monitor, R.E. Hamilton. I often wondered if it was my former schoolmate.

I was in fifth grade when our family moved to Dalton. We left there at the end of my Freshman year in High School. The elementary school was the Fort Hill School, away across town from where we lived on Thornton Avenue. Today children would be bused that distance but we walked. It was a gay time, walking, running, hop-scotching. On the way home we would wait on the bridge for the train, the Dixie Flyer, to come through. Often there would be people sitting on the platform of the observation car to whom we would wave and they would wave back.

In the Fort Hill School the upper grades were on the second floor. There was no auditorium but there was a wide hall. When we had programs each class would line up by height in the hall to watch the program carried on in the center of the hall. As I remember the boys were lined up on one side of the center and the girls on the other. Being the shortest one in the class, I always had a front row view. It was in such an assembly that I received my gold history star. (Silver stars were given every month but had to be returned at the end of the month. The gold was given to the one with the highest average at the end of the year.)

The Principal of the school and my Math teacher was Miss Grace Flemister (that is the name I recall). She would tolerate no monkey-shines either in the classroom or the school. Occasionally a student would be "strapped." There were times when we would count the "strappings." I believe Miss Grace became the president of the leading chenille bedspread company, for which Dalton became famous.

I remember Miss Grace's handwriting on the blackboard. She was left-handed and wrote beautifully and vigorously across the board.

Miss Sally Davis was our geography teacher. I do not remember the name of our history teacher but I do remember her organizing the yearly march to the cemetery to put flowers on the soldiers' graves on Decoration Day (now Memorial Day). The United Daughters of the Confederacy was in charge of the program and each child was given a grave on which to place the flowers. I remember this teacher saying to my mother that she was so pleased that mother allowed my sister and me to join the other children in placing flowers on the graves. My mother asked why she was pleased at this. The teacher answered, "They are Confederate soldiers." My mother said that this made no difference because each soldier fought for what he believed was right. I don't know if my mother told her that her own father was a Union soldier. The scars of the Civil War were still very evident in Dalton. We were Yankees and were made to realize it. This was very hard on my mother because she felt that she was never really accepted by some people.

When we moved to Dalton, my mother faced the same problem that she had faced in Atlanta about my being placed in the proper grade. The school principal insisted that I was too small and too young to be in the fifth grade. My mother insisted that they look at my grades to see that I could do the work. The principal said that the standards in Dalton were higher than those in Atlanta. Mama told them that I had spent four years in the schools of Pennsylvania which were among the best in the nation. Reluctantly the principal agreed to allow me to try it but if I failed I would be put back into fourth grade, a situation she was trying to avoid. In no time at all I was at the top of my class.

The high school was on the other side of town from Fort Hill, much nearer to our home on Thorton Avenue, but by that time we had moved to another home much nearer to Fort Hill! Our High school principal was a former military man. He ran the school in a military fashion. Instead of going into the school as we arrived, when a bell rang we had to line up by homerooms outside the building. We could not enter until every room was in line and quiet. Then we entered one line at a time. We were dismissed in somewhat the same way. We went from our homerooms to lines by which we entered. When all were quiet and in order, the principal would say, "Fall out." I thought that was the queerest command but decided it was a military order.

Miss Grace of the Fort Hill school was a strict principal, but there was a difference between Miss Grace and the High School principal. He "ruled" by frightening the students. In fact he frightened my sister so much that she could not answer his questions in class. Finally the principal (also the science teacher) asked my mother to come and discuss the situation with him. He wondered why Pauline would not answer any questions. Mother told him that Pauline was too afraid to answer, too afraid that she would make a mistake. "But I've never corrected her," said the principal. "No, but you shout so angrily at the other students," my mother told him, "that she is too afraid to answer at all." The principal either changed his ways or Pauline overcame her fear because she had no trouble after that.

Another remembrance I have of that principal is of a story he must have told so often that I remembered it word for word for years afterward. Today I remember only the part that was repeated over and over:

"If _____ happens,
Then one of two things is bound to happen.
If the first happens, then nothing matters.
If the second happens,
Then one of two things is bound to happen----

(and so on, ad infinitum)

What a memory to have of a High School principal.

Another memory I have of those high school days concerns Sarah McGhee's brother, Robert, and a pretty, young teacher who was new to the school. The teacher had the students write their names on a sheet of paper. As she called out the names, the students would rise, so that she could relate the name and face. She came upon one name, hesitated, then plunged heroically ahead," Rip Rastus McGhee." No one stood. She repeated the name, "Rip Rastus McGhee. Is there anyone here by that name?" Robert finally stood, his face as red as his hair. The entire class was snickering. This teacher knew that her leg was being pulled. "What is your name?" she asked. "Robert McGhee, Ma'am." he said. "Thank you, Robert", said the teacher and went on with the reading of the list of names as if nothing strange had happened. She passed the test with the kids.

We lived in Dalton when the Ku Klux Klan was a force in the community. I remember standing on the sidewalk watching the Klan march down the street in their white robes and hoods.. We tried to see if there were some whom we might recognize. The only one we ever thought we recognized was a doctor who walked with a peculiar limp. I asked my father why people did this. He shrugged his shoulders, "I guess to scare the negroes."

My father had a nice relationship with the negroes who came into his store. He liked to talk with them as he did to everyone. I recall one conversation that he told us about. A school teacher came in to have some work done on her watch. Knowing that he was from the north, the teacher asked Daddy if he thought it would be better for them to move north to live. My father said that he thought as a school teacher, she would have more respect shown to her in Dalton than if she moved to the north. He encouraged her to use her talents in bettering the education of negroes in the south.

I had very little contact with negroes in Dalton, except with the women who helped my mother with the cleaning. My mother never had had any help except in the semi-annual housecleaning. She prided herself on her ability to keep her own house clean. After we had lived there several months, one of her new friends suggested that she hire a maid. The friend explained that with my father owning a jewelry store, my mother really should have one. My father thought she should have one too. Mother could not see what she would do with a full-time maid. She did compromise and hired a cleaning lady who also did the

laundry. The first one was Georgia, a buxom, not-too-energetic lady. Mother had noticed holes in the kitchen floor and wondered about them. When Georgia came mother learned. While scrubbing the kitchen floor, the maid doesn't bother to mop up the water. She just pushes it down the holes. (There was no basement under the house.) Georgia did not please my mother as a worker. She always felt she had to follow Georgia and complete the cleaning.

Martha was a different story. She was a former school teacher who now had a young son. Martha would work only where she was allowed to take her son. This Mama understood. Martha was a good worker. Mama could trust her to clean properly and thoroughly. She must have stayed with us until we left because I remember no other.

One of my father's friends thought we whould attend the church service of a group of people called in Dalton the "Holy Rollers." I suppose today we would call them Pentecostals. We drove out of town in our friend's car to a very small church. The service was one of singing and preaching . There was shouting and what I thought of as jumping up and down. As the service progressed the people became more and more frenzied until we could stand it no longer and left.

Our own church was the Presbyterian Church in Dalton. My mother said it was very similar to the Reformed Church which was our church in Pennsylvania. Mama became active in the Women's group. Pauline and I attended the Sunday School. Miss Horan was my teacher and Miss Flemister was Pauline's. We also attended church. Rev. Sims was the pastor. I remember also that there was a Methodist church and a Baptist church. I can picture the Presbyterian and the Baptist churches in my memory"s eye, but not the Methodist.

While in Dalton, my sister contracted malaria. (We all had a touch of it but hers was the most serious.) The doctor said that she would have to go to a cooler climate for the summer. So Mama, Pauline and I went north to stay with my mother's cousin, Mary Bahn, in Lancaster, PA. I do not remember anything of that summer,except learning to know my second-cousins, Margaret Hattie, Walter and Theodore and their parents. The summer did my sister little good because the next year the doctor told my parents that they would need to move to another climate or my sister would be an invalid the rest of her life. Her spleen was becoming infected.

I am sure my father was upset because Dalton was probably the most satisfying experience of his life. He was highly respected here. His personality fit in well with Georgia people. He had a growing business. Yet I never in my life heard him complain about having to leave Dalton. "Acceptance" was one of his most noteworthy characteristics. The store was sold easily, but where would we move? At first my parents decided to move to California where my mother's brother. Jack, had just moved and who would help us get settled. We were all excited. We would buy a car and drive out there. One evening my father came home and said abruptly, "We are not going to California. We're going to Littlestown." That was all that was said. We were stunned. To this day I do not know why Daddy changed his mind. I never had the courage to ask.

Littlestown

Littlestown was my father's hometown. His mother and step-father were living there. They owned a little shop where Grandpa repaired clocks. Watches were too small for him to work on.

We moved to Littlestown during the summer, living in a first floor apartment in the Kump building right on the "square." Daddy set up a watch shop in a small apartment in the same building, just across the hall from our apartment. My grandparents lived across the street.

That was a very lonely summer for Pauline and me. We had nothing to do except to sit on the "stoop" in front of my grandmother's house. Opal Feeser, the daughter of my father's cousin, was the only young person we ever were with. Years later one of my friends said they saw us sitting on the "stoop" and were sorry for us, but they never dreamed we would be classmates. (I was still too small!) There is a story about that. In Dalton we all wore socks. I was determined that I would continue to wear them and would not wear the long stockings my mother wanted me to wear. When school began, I discovered that no Sophmore wore socks, no Freshman and only one girl in 8th. grade wore them. I was humiliated and wanted long silk stockings. Mother would not buy them for me. So I dug out some old stockings of Pauline's and sewed up the runners and was going to wear them. Then my mother was humiliated. So she bought me my first pair of long silk stockings.

I attended three schools in my high school years. My Freshman year was spent in Dalton, Ga., my Sophomore and Junior years in Littlestown, PA, my Senior year in Stevens High School in Lancaster, PA. I graduated from Stevens High.

In Georgia students were passed from seventh grade into high school. The 8th. grade was the Freshman year in High School. In Pennsylvania the 8th. grade was still part of the elementary school. To avoid trouble with the designation "8th grade" when I would be really going into 9th. grade, my Mother had us ask our Dalton teacher to write on our report cards, "Promoted to Sophomore year in High School" for me and "Promoted to Junior year in High School" for Pauline. That avoided complications of the issue being raised of being set back a year again . All this resulted in my being two grades ahead of my chronological age and Pauline being one grade ahead.

People have often asked me if I felt out of place or was socially affected by the two years difference in age with my classmates. I can truly say that I never did. Two of my best friends were three years older. To this day one, Evelyn Stover (now Huffnagle), has remained a good friend.

One situation did make me feel uncomfortable. Two of my cousins, both older, were in my class. Brickley Star was two years older than I. His sister, Eleanor, was at least three years older. We never became friends. In fact, I guess you would say that we didn't like each other.

Once school began, I made friends easily. Those were two wonderful

years for me, in spite of the fact that I was terribly disappointed that we had not moved to California. My memories of those two years centered mostly around the school.

One reason that I never felt out of place was that very few of the girls and boys dated but the girls were very "boy conscious" and did many things to attract the boys' attention. In our Junior year Evelyn's cousin, Harold Stultz, had a red-haired girl friend. In English class Ruth Basehoar pulled a red thread from a ribbon-belt she was wearing. She passed it to me and told me to put it on Harold's shoulder (he sat in front of me). This I did and then punched him and showed him the red "hair' on his shoulder. He blushed scarlet red which made Ruth and me giggle. To our consternation the teacher heard us and reprimanded us severely, which made us blush and Harold laugh. We never were "bad" in school, but we did have fun.

Note-passing, writing poetry, whispering when we should not have, these were the extent of our misbehavior. For some of the boys it was different. One of the boys, Loy Wehler, found some snuff among his grandmother's things and brought it to school to "sniff" it and make trouble in Mr. Wildasin's class. I was not part of that class but the girls told me about it later. The boys had probably sniffed too much or not enough, who knows? At any rate they had sniffed enough to make them want to sneeze but not enough to make them sneeze. So they sat through the class, handkerchief in hand, waiting for the sneezes to come. They never did. Meanwhile, Mr. Wildasin taught the entire period with no interruption, but not much attention either.

Two of our teachers, Prof. King and Prof. Wall, had served in World War I. They were easily irritated and often violent in their reactions. One boy in Pauline's class did something to irritate Prof. King and was ordered to leave school. When he refused, Prof. King picked him up by the seat oif his pants and the scruff of his neck and threw him down the steps. I recall Prof. Wall throwing erasers across the room at students who were not paying attention. I remember that Jim Ulrich got into a tussle with Mr. Wildasin. As they wrestled, Jim backed into a bookcase and broke the glass door. His father was called in but refused to pay for the glass. He said that was Jim's problem. So Jim had to pay the bill or be expelled from school. Jim had no way to earn money. He lived on a farm several miles from school, had to walk home and be there in time to do the evening chores. The bill was finally paid by Jim selling his lunch to some of the boys.

Most of the teachers were good teachers. An especially good one was Miss Lydia Rebert who taught Latin and English. My Latin teacher in Dalton did not fully prepare me for Latin in Littlestown. So I had to work hard to keep up. Miss Rebert was strict but had a sense of humor. I remember her in relation to my cousin, Brickley. He had beautiful black curly hair. He hated the curls and would paste them down with water. Miss Rebert would come down the aisle in back of him, run her hands through his hair, and send it into a riot of curls.

Most Latin students remember the opening sentences of Caesar's Wars, "All Gaul is divided into three parts----" By the time I was a Junior

I could read the opening paragraphs with ease. There was a Sophomore girl who was having difficulty with those lines and came to me for help. I read them as if I were proficient, mostly from memory. She was really impressed, so much so that I had to confess that I really read them from memory.

I completed High School with a deficiency in Science. I had Introductory Science in my Freshman year in Dalton. In my Sophomore year in Littlestown, for some reason which I cannot remember, I did not take biology but took a course in Business Math, in addition to Algebra. In my Junior year I took Geometry, two languages (Latin and French) , and once again no science. When I arrived at Lancaster for my Senior year, the principal looked at my record of one year of science and decided I should not attempt the Senior Physics course. He thought I could have managed Chemistry, but the Chemistry classes were so large that he did not want to add another person to them. So I completed High School with six courses in Math and one course in Science. Fortunately at Millersville Normal School I was not required to take any science courses. There too I took extra Math courses, so that when I graduated, I not only was certified to teach in Elementary education but also in Math in Jr. and Sr. High School.

In Littlestown, I was once again almost at the top of my class, but not the top student. Catherine Straley and Evelyn Stover competed for top honors. Next in line were Lottie Yealy, Lois Beck and I. Because I did not graduate there, I never knew exactly where I stood.

In school I always got an "A" in deportment, except on one occasion - in Littlestown. Evelyn, Ruth Basehoar and I, along with Lois and Catherine, did create disturbances at times with our whispering and giggling. To stop that, one month Evelyn, Ruth and I received a "C" in deportment. The three of us were stunned. Why should we be picked out? Why didn't all five get "C's?" It was the first time in my life that I hated to take my report card home. My mother took one look at the "C" and said, "Well, I suppose you deserved it. Nothing but an "A" next time, see to that." However, Evelyn's father went to the school to find why the three of us were singled out when all five were as deeply involved. The only answer he received was, "Well, we thought that would settle them all." Ah, the unfairness of tyrant teachers.

(This reminds me of a story I heard several years later, about a mother who sent a note to the teacher of her son, "Please don't punish Johnny. He is a very sensitive child. If he is naughty, punish the child next to him. That will make Johnny behave.")

In my Junior year my friends and I formed an "Old Maids Society." We didn't have boy friends - that is only Catherine Straley had a boy friend. Since she was one of the gang, we let her be an "Old Maid" in spite of her boy friend. Of course, all that the "Old Maids" talked about was boys. Since we had no boy friends, we assigned one to each other. To Evelyn we assigned Horace Comfort. Lois Beck was assigned Roy Hahn. I cannot remember who was assigned to Ruth. I was assigned Herman Breighner. Of course, Catherine had her own boy friend, Harold Helt. The "assigned" boys were all shy boys with no known girl friends. We never did anything about the boys except talk about them

and giggle and write notes. I am not sure that anyone outside the "Old Maids" knew about the "assigned" boy friends.

By the time we were Juniors Lottie Yealy and Alton Motter were serious daters. They sat together while studying. Alton had a lot of difficulty with Latin. Finally at the beginning of his Junior year, Miss Rebert suggested that he drop Latin. It was a subject which he would not be able to learn and would only lower his record. This was a good idea in High School but it created problems for Alton when he decided to become a minister. To be ordained a Lutheran minister, a person had to be proficient in Latin. Alton was not. The advisors were not about to accept him as a ministerial student. Alton asked to be allowed to speak before the ministerial body and pled his case so well that they waived the rule for him. He went on to become an outstanding Lutheran minister.

These were the days before school buses, and Littlestown High school was the only High School between Hanover and Gettysburg. Many of the students were rural students. Alton Motter drove an old Model T Ford in which he brought his brothers and sisters and students living close by. Herman Brieghner rode a horse. Jim Ulrich walked unless he was picked up by a passing car. Lottie Yealy came with her brother-in-law, Paul King, the High School principal. Town kids walked, no matter how far away they lived.

All the grades (1-12) were in one building. Grades 1-6 were on the first floor. Grades 7-12 were on the second floor. Grades 9-12 had one homeroom. Grades 7-8 had another. In addition there were 5 or 6 classrooms. Whenever a student had a vacant period, the student went to the homeroom. During my Sophomore year, this served to my advantage. Sophomores sat fairly near the front of the room. That year the Senior English class met in the front of the homeroom. They were studying etymology. That was the most fascinating course I ever "didn't take!" I had never thought of the formation of words, the history of words, their derivation and their proper use. I had no book to study, no homework to prepare, but that course stimulated my interest in words so much that it has never abated. Fortunately Lee's background and facility in Latin, Greek and Hebrew has helped to continue that stimulation.

I never developed a close relationship with my grand-parents. I remember Grandma sitting most often in a rocking chair while Grandpa made the meals and did the dishes. He also worked in the little watchshop adjacent to the house with a connecting door between. We were free to come an go as we wished. The story I remember most, which my Grandmother told me, related to Gettysburg. She was a young girl at the time of the Battle of Gettysburg. She said they would put their ears to the ground and hear the cannons rumble ten miles away. When the Gettysburg Memorial Park was set up, she went to the dedicatory services and heard Lincoln speak, but was too far back in the crowd to hear what he said. Now that I am older I wish I had asked her more about her parents and grandparents.

Most of my friends went to the Lutheran Church or to churches out in the country. Cathryn Rohrbaugh and her sister were the only young folks whom I remember in the Reformed Church. We attended that

church, as did my grandparents. My father's cousins, Romaine Crouse and Etta Stonesifer were also members. One Sunday Pauline and I were walking very fast to church. We were late. We passed Romaine on the way. As we passed, she called to us, "Girls, I am so glad I saw you. Please come here." We turned as she continued, "I want you to button my dress. It buttons down the back and there was no one at home to button it for me." So we stood there in the middle of the sidewalk, on a Sunday morning, on the way to church, buttoning about 20 buttons down the back of Romaine's dress! We were humiliated and even later for church. In the end it became a funny story to tell.

My Sunday School teacher's name was Miss Hartman. She lived in the house where my father had gone to school. The Sunday School met on the first floor of the church building. The sanctuary was on the second floor. The first floor was divided into two rooms. The little children were in the first room. All the classes for young people and adults were in the second room. We all sat in rows, facing the front of the room, set up to participate in the worship service of the Sunday School. When class time began, chairs were turned so that one row of the class could face the other. There were 12 or 15 in our class. We "read around" the Bible verses. My friends and I usually whispered during this time until it was our turn to read. Then we read and promptly began whispering again. I can't remember that we ever discussed the Bible verses, but I am sure Miss Hartman interpreted them. We had no Youth Fellowship of any sort, but I do remember that our class spent one summer day at Dixon's Dam. I am not sure if we went swimming or just went wading, but we had a great time. I have a picture of that event.

The church was not a very important part of my life up to this point. It was not until we moved to Lancaster that it became important. We always went to Sunday School (or Church School as we called it in Lancaster). My first Sunday School teacher was Gertrude Eby, a friend for all her life.. She never thought of me as anything but,"Little Anna Mary." We were members of the Reformed Church in Pennsylvania. In Georgia there was no Reformed Church, so we attended the Presbyterian Church. I remember nothing of the Atlanta church, except that it was a "downtown" church. In Dalton I can picture the church building - a colonial style church tucked in the angle formed by Thornton Ave. and another street. My first teacher was Miss Horner (I think), the second was Miss Grace. More than that I cannot remember, except that boys and girls were in separate classes.

In Littlestwon I participated in the Sunday School and the catechetical class. We went to church every Sunday. The catechetical class was based on the Heidelberg Catechism. If you had asked me at that time, I would have said that I didn't learn much. Yet in later years when I went back to reading the Catechism I was surprised to learn how much of my faith is based in what I learned from that Catechism. Rev. Kline, our pastor, was our teacher. He was a tall, blond man, with a heavy Pennsylvania Dutch accent. His wife was the daughter of a minister. Neither one was particularly attractive, but they were pleasant. Neither one had much impact on my life.

At the end of one year's study Pauline was confirmed, but Mother thought I wasn't ready. Even at the end of the second year she said

to me, "Confirmation doesn't mean anything to you. When I was confirmed, it was the most important step of my life." She was 18 when she was confirmed. I was 14 but she was right. I think the most important thing to me in my confirmation was that I did not need to attend catechetical class. I also remember the dress I wore. In the class we came to know the various parts of the Bible, the names of its books, the events in the life of Jesus , but mostly the interpretation of the faith in the Heidelberg Catechism. I thought it was the dullest book I had ever studied.

We moved to Lancaster in the summer of 1925. This move was not particularly exciting for me. I had such good friends in Littlestown that I would much have preferred to finish my last year of High School in Littlestown. I kept up my friendships by letter and kept those letters until 1984 when I sent them to Evelyn Stover Huffnagle for her to read before throwing them away. She said that when the packet came she sat on the steps in her house to open the package and began reading and laughing until the tears rolled down her face. They were lovely letters, silly schoolgirl letters, but ones which brought up such happy memories. Perhaps I should have kept them and included them in this "story."

I remember that I did return to Littlestown the night the Senior Class was putting on their spring musical. Catherine Straley had asked me to come over as a surprise to my friends. We did manage to keep the surprise. I went to Littlestown by train and went to Catherine's house not too far away. I did not go to the play until all the cast was there and slipped into a front seat which Catherine had arranged for me. With the house lights dimmed and with their concentration on the play, no one saw me until the final bows were over and the house lights were turned up. Someone spied me. You could see the happy surprise on their faces as they "whispered down the lane" who was in the audience. It was not until I got up to the stage that the squeals of laughter and delight, the hugs and kisses broke out and I knew I was among the very best friends I would ever have. Two years of life in Littlestown are very short, but the memories are very long.

Mother and Daddy (I had stopped calling her "Mama") moved to Lancaster in the spring of 1925. Pauline and I stayed in Littlestown until the close of school when Pauline would graduate from High School. We lived with Daddy's cousin, Eddie Crouse and his wife, Susie. Eddie had a butcher shop next to his home. Susie was probably my mother's best friend in Littlestown. Their children were grown up and gone. Eddie's mother was Aunt Becky. I remember her sitting on the porch, a heavy-set woman, rocking in her chair. Their home was only a few "doors" from the school building, so Aunt Becky could watch the young people on their way to and from school. We often stopped to talk with her. When our parents moved to Lancaster, we did not mind it. We enjoyed it.

Lancaster

It would seem strange to most people to have the family move after living such a short time in Littlestown. I do not the know the exact reason for our moving. My Dad had been given a position at the Bowman School of Watchmaking which seemed to be the reason. However, years later Mother told me that she was determined that Pauline and I should continue our education but there was no money for college. She said she told my Dad that she was going to move to Lancaster so that we could attend Millersville Normal School which had only the costs of books and trolley fare for expenses. It was the only way she knew to have her daughters educated. At another time my father told me that he had wanted us to go to Hood College but Mother wanted us to go to Millersville, her Alma Mater. I never had the courage to ask what was the real story nor to ask which came first - the offer of a teaching job at Bowman's or Mother's determination to move to Lancaster. It never seemed important.

In Lancaster we lived at first in a second floor apartment at 542 W. Lemon St. Two unmarried women lived on the first floor. One was Mildred Patterson, a tall, thin woman with black hair. I cannot remember the name of the other one, but she was short and very pretty. Our neighbors were the Hartleys on the east and the Schnitzers on the west. The Hartleys had three grown children: Gertrude, Selma and Gilbert. There was a close tie between my mother and Mrs. Hartley because she grew up on "The Hill" where my Grandmother Arnold's friends had lived. Gertrude and Selma seemed much older than we, but as we grew older I discovered there could not have been more than five or six years difference in Selma's age and Pauline's.

The Schnitzers had two sons, both younger than Pauline and I. Mr. Schnitzer was a great tease and reminded me of Uncle Frank and Uncle Mart Arnold. I remember that after we had moved away from that home and I was teaching school in Lancaster, Mr. Schnitzer was elected to the Lancaster City School Board. For fun I called him on the phone (not giving my name and trying to disguise my voice), telling him that I would like a teaching position in the Lancaster schools and asking if he would give me an interview. Without a moment's hesitation he said, "Well, Anna Mary, do you think you are qualified?" We both laughed and I congratulated him on his election.

We moved to 337 W. Lemon St. next to the Brown's. whose daughter, Edna, taught music at the George Ross School. Edna had some throat problems and smoked medicinal cigarettes. When I wanted to try smoking, Mother suggested that I get a cigarette from Edna. I did and never tried again.

I attended Stevens High School, entering the Senior Class. At that time some of the small town High Schools had only a three year program and students came to the Lancaster High Schools for their fourth year. Among those students was Ruth Long, who has remained my good friend over all these years. Another friend during that last year of school was Elizabeth Harbold. She was the daughter of two of my Mother's Millersville classmates, Peter and Helen Harbold. Mary

Marshall (now Long) has also remained a friend over the years. I really never got into the life of the school at Stevens, other than school work. I entered the DAR Essay contest and won the top award. We had to write the essay in school from notes that we had made in our research. I had written the essay ahead of time and had memorized it, so that the notes which I had were the beginnings of the paragraphs of the entire essay. No one questioned my notes.
I really never thought about it until many years later, that it might not have been exactly honest. I still have the gold piece which was awarded me, in spite of President Roosevelt's requirement that we should turn in all our gold.

Two teachers I remember: Miss Munson , the English teacher and my Latin teacher, Miss Macmillan. I remember Miss Munson, especially because she, too, was a classmate of my Mother at Millersville. She was an especially good teacher. One of her tasks was to make Shakespeare come alive for us in a classroom setting. We dramatized parts, we memorized parts, we analyzed parts, we discussed parts. In spite of all this, Shakespeare never really came alive for me. In 1960 when we saw a Shakespeare play in Strattford-on Avon, I remember saying to myself, "If only we could have seen this in 1926, what a difference it would have made!"

Miss Macmillan, the Latin teacher, taught more than Latin. She tried to give us a world view. I remember her telling us about the Taj Mahal in India. Although she was ready to retire, she made that love story so real that when I saw the Taj Mahal in 1961, I wept at its beauty and the love it represented. I think if I could have had this teacher for four years I would have become a student of Latin.

I was not eligible for any honors at graduation time because I had been in the school only one year. Yet I did want to know about where I stood in the class, so I went to the principal to ask. He said that he could give me no actual placement but in the averaging of marks I would have placed fifth. Although I would have liked to have been higher, I was satisfied.

Millersville Normal School

From high school I went on to Millersville Normal School in the department of elementary education. Here I was able to enter into the life of the school a bit more, but not as much as the boarding students. Those of us who did not board at the school were called, "Day Students." The Day Students' life at Millersville was not too different from the life in High School. We had a homeroom, "Room A," where we did our studying. We went to classes and came back to Room A when we had a vacant period. Quite a few of the students from Stevens High went to Millersville. I came to know them much better in those two years than in the year at High School. I still am not very comfortable at High School reunions because I am not sure who knows me and who doesn't. Ruth Long and I continued our friendship through those two years in spite of the fact that she was a boarding student and was in the lower elementary section (Grades 1-3) and I in the upper elementary (Grades 4-6). At the time of our graduation Ruth was top honor student in her division and I was top honor in mine. We

both were commencement speakers. I remember writing that speech. I try to recall its theme but I cannot. I thought it was rather good, but when I took it to the professor assigned to be my advisor (a new young English teacher), his comment was: "Not very scholarly."

In our first year we had the basic studies for education: psychology, sociology, literature, mathematics,etc. After that were the basic teaching courses, "How to teach-----" the subjects that would be in our field of teaching. There were two divisions in Elementary Education : Grades 1-3 and Grades 4-6. Then there was the Jr. - Sr. High division which covered grades 7-12. In this latter division a student would be certified according to academic studies. A student would be certified to teach Math in Jr.-Sr. High School, to teach English, to teach Science, to be certified in Library Science, and other fields. If a student wished to he could be certified in more than one field of study. My case was a little different from the others. At the completion of my studies at Millersville I was certified to teach in Elementary Education (Grades 4-6) and to teach Math. in Jr.-Sr. High School. I took enough extra Math courses along with the required Elementary courses to be so certified. This was a boon to me when I waas looking for a teaching position.

I had a great deal of difficulty in the "How to Teach Music" course. Invariably I sang flat. The music professor, Mr. Keburtz, sent me out a number of times to practice again. I ended that course with the only "C" I ever got, eexcept the "C" in deportment in Littlestown. I always had difficulty with the "How to teach Art" course because at the 4-6 grade level art work was rather advanced. At that level we had to make designs. My designs never looked right. I would go to Helen Harnish and say, "What is wrong with this design?" She would take my design, put a dab here and a dab there and I would get a "B."

Even though I could not stay on key in music class, I was part of the school chorus my first year (the Choir was the select group.) A musical was put on each year. I still remember parts of some songs in one musical. That was fun and I never thought about not being able to sing on key. I am sure I sang lustily and if the person next to me sang on key, I would too.

Mr.Seiverling was the head Math professor in the academic Math courses. He too was one of my Mother's classmates at Millersville. He was a terrific Math teacher if you knew, understood and liked Math. He had very little patience with those who didn't fit the above. He used to drive my friend, Helen Harnish, crazy. Math was not her favorite subject. Her field of interest was Music and Art. Yet she was a bright student, and disturbed Mr. Seiverling because she frustrated him. When I was looking for a job teaching the schools of Lancaster City, there was an opportunity to teach a combination of classes in the new Junior High School (West Junior): high 5th grade, 6th grade and some 7th grade. In our practice teaching, Dr. Gress, the superintendent of schools, was in some way impressed with Helen's and my work and acedemic records. He was interested in hiring us for the above positions. (We did our practicing teaching together.) As he talked to us it became evident that he expected us both to teach the regular 5-6 grade curriculum in a departmentalized Jr. High School. Since we would not teach the Home Ec. courses or have any gym work,

we would be free to teach an occasional course at the Jr. High level. I was terrified at the thought of teaching art and music at that level and Helen was terrified at the thought of teaching Math at that level. So we decided to ask if, in the light of our abilities and interests, Helen could teach the Art and Music courses and I the Math courses. Our "practice teacher" was horrified at our brashness. You don't tell the Superintendent of Schools what you would like to do! Since I had taken the lead in our discussion with Mr. Gress, I bore the brunt of her wrath. I said to her that if he looked at our academic records, he would see that I was much better in Math and Helen was much better than I in Music and Art. In the next day or two Dr. Gress came with Mr. Sohl, the principal of West Jr. High, to have him observe us. Both Helen and I were elected to these positions and began to teach at West Junior the next fall. Helen taught my Music and Art and I taught her Math, to the pleasure of every one. Helen had to go to summer school to be certified to teach Music in the Jr. High but by the time I graduated I was already certified for the position. How great to be young and self-assured! But our practice teacher might have been right -- if Dr. Gress had been different.

Mr. Hoover was my Psych. professor, a rotund, gray-haired man who taught "by the text book." A student was expected to know what was in the book. Since I had little to do that year but study, I usually had no trouble. Pauline, my sister, one day was not so fortunate. She was asked a question by Mr. Hoover and attempted to answer it. When she finished, Mr. Hoover said, "Miss Hinkle, you write very good fiction."

In my second year I had a course on Teaching Geography, taught by Mr. Bassler. I had had a course under him the year before so he knew that I was a good student. He asked me to take down, as part of my class notes, all the teaching hints he would give from time to time. I had to turn my notes in and he would find the hints he had given throughout the course. He said that if I would do this I would not be asked to recite in class. I quickly agreed to do it. It was a great course and I learned much. (Of course I had to pass tests.) Several years later when back on campus I was bragging to my friends that I never had to answer questions in Mr. Bassler's class, when Mr. B. passed us and heard me. I felt awful and still am ashamed.

Mr. Gaige was a history professor. His motto was, "Let me tell the stories and I care not who writes the textbooks." He could tell vivid stories of history. Certainly he was one professor who could hold the attention of his students in class.

As a student in grade school and high school I was very poor in penmanship - so much so that as a Freshman in High School one of my teachers had a girl write in my notebook to show me what good penmanship was like. (I didn't learn.) At Millersville we all had to take a course in penmanship because we would be teaching it. I decided this was the time to learn and I did. I am still complimented on my handwriting.

I took a private course in speech under Miss Lenhardt. What I learned most was how to project my voice. She would tell me that the people in the rear of the auditorium were as important as the people in the

front rows. This stood me in good stead because I did a great deal of speaking in churches for the next 45 years.

Millersville broadened my world, especially in relation to people. I had grown up in a WASP (White Anglo Saxon Protestant) culture that had its roots in a rural society. Although Lancaster was a city, its culture was influenced most by rural virtues. To Millersville came not only WASPs but also "Coal Crackers." These were girls (mostly) from the coal regions of Pennsylvania with a mixture of Irish and Central European cultures, largely Catholic. I had not met people like this before. They were fun-loving, gregarious, noisy. They had strange names :Stanulonis, Zimliki. Coal Crackers were different from the Penna. Dutch. I was surprised when I learned that Lee was a Coal Cracker. He was more like the Penna. Dutch.

I had just turned 16 when I graduated from High School. I had not yet dated at all. In my Littlestown years, we only talked about boys, not with them. Stevens High was a girls' high school, so I had no opportunity to associate with boys there. There were very few boys attending Millersville. With Franklin and Marshall College nearby, a boys' college, very few young men came to Millersville to be educated to teach. Young men were more attracted to pre-med, pre-law, science, the arts, the ministry. Colleges , other than Millersville, provided broader education for those professions. Consequently few boys were enrolled at Millersville.

Casper Kreider, whom I met through the Christian Youth Council of Lancaster County, asked me for dates, but I didn't want to date him, so I always refused. He stopped asking. I liked Harold Frantz, but he paid no attention to me. Once he asked me to attend a dance with him. I was so flustered that I refused. I was most, most unhappy with myself, so I called him back to accept, but he had already invited someone else.

During my first year at Millersville I dated Russel Eroh, an F&M Freshman, whom I had met at church. We dated from September until spring vacation. Freshmen were not supposed to date (freshmen initiation). It was for that reason that the only dates we had were walking home from church. Shortly before spring vacation, we had set up two dates on consecutive evenings. The first evening Russel did not appear. I was "stood up." I was determined that I would not be "stood up" again the next night. So Pauline, Mary Burkholder and I went to the movies. We learned later, Russel did come that second evening, arriving as we were putting on our coats to leave. He did not ring the bell but slipped away until we had left. Then he came to the house again, asking my mother why I left. Mother told him how I felt. He could not understand that I did not understand that he would have come the night before if he could have. Mother suggested that he might have phoned. He said he was afraid he would be caught calling a girl and would be breaking a Freshman rule. Russel and Mother had a nice conversation but that was the end of dating for us. I guess we wwere both ready to stop.

Several years later when I was dating Lee, we went to a basketball game. Russel came into the gym. Lee pointed him out to me, "See that fellow coming in. He is one fellow I don't like." I did not know if

Lee knew that I had dated Russel. Years later Lee said that he had not known it at the time, that it was pure coincidence. I believe him.

A Love Affair with a Church

There are many loves in my life: Lee, my girls and their families, my sister and Archie, my parents and Lee's parents, my mother's brothers, Camp, Hawaii, Japan. But this part of my story is perhaps the most unusual. It is my love story with a church - St. Peter's Church in Lancaster. The church began as St. Peter's Reformed Church, became St. Peter's Evangelical and Reformed Church and is now St. Peter's United Church of Christ. Other than my mother this church and its minister was perhaps the greatest influence in my life.

We moved to Lancaster after Pauline's graduation from Littlestown High School in the summer of 1925. We looked forward to another lonely summer until school began, but a church came to our rescue. St. Peter's Reformed Church was just a block away in the buildings of Lancaster Theological Seminary. Miss Hoover, a member of the church, lived a block west of us on Lemon St. Hearing of a new family moving into the neighborhood with two teenagers, she came to call on the family and to invite us to church and to church school.

My mother wasn't certain. When she lived in Lancaster as a young woman, she was a member of First Reformed Church. Stuart Cremer, now pastor of that church , was my father's second cousin. She fully expected to go to that church but said she would do what "the girls" wanted to do. With alacrity Pauline and I said we would like to go to a nearby church. The next Sunday Mary Margaret Rupp came to take Pauline and me with her to the church school. Thus began our long and wonderful association with St. Peter's, For me there has been no other church, although I have been a member of many churches.

It was the right moment for me to be caught by such a church as St. Peter's. The church was an outgrowth of a Sunday School set up for the children of Seminary and College professors, as well as children in the neighborhood. The church had no building of its own, but its activities were scattered throughout the Seminary buildings. The Sanctuary was in the basement of the dormitory. The smaller children were in another basement room. The young people's class was in a Seminary classroom.

On our first Sunday, we had to be at church school early because Mary Margaret was the pianist for the orchestra of the young people's department. Clair Frantz played the trumpet, Anna Omwake the violin. I think Mary Omwake played the cello, but I am not certain. That summer Mary Margaret Rupp moved away and Harold Frantz became the pianist. Mary Margaret moved to Dallastown, PA where her father became psastor of the Reformed Church. Strangely, six years later Lee Gable became pastor of that Charge, following Rev. Rupp.

The church school class that Pauline and I attended included the orchestra members mentioned above (the girls, that is), Peg Delong, perhaps others. A little later Mary Burkholder joined the group,

having moved to Lancaster from New Holland. The class was taught by Miss Edna Bromer, a teacher at the F&M Academy. We studied Hunting's "Story of the Bible." This was the first door that St. Peter's opened for me - the Bible. It was the first time that I saw the Bible as more than a series of verses and Bible stories. For the first time I saw how much more there was to the Bible. It was literature, with poems, short stories, riddles, hymns, real letters written to real people. The Bible was set in history. It was history - telling, perhaps, the longest sweep of history recorded in the world. It was the story of God in our world. When we learned portions of the Bible, it was for a purpose. We did not just learn Bible verses. I remember, one Christmas celebration I recited portions of the Christmas story in Chapter 2 of the Gospel of Luke. I remember this especially because after the service Mrs. Schaeffer, an older member of the congregation, came to tell me she had never heard it more beautifully spoken.

The Rev. Charles Spotts had just become pastor of the church, having graduated from Lancaster Seminary that spring. I think no person, other than my mother, had a greater impact on my life in its developmental stage. Our family was one of the first families to be taken in as members of the church by Rev. Spotts. I was one of the last to be dismissed by him when he resigned to become Professor of Religion at Franklin and Mardshall College and my membership was transferred to St. Paul's Reformed Church, Dallastown when I became wife of the pastor, the Rev. Lee Gable.

It was under the tutelage of Lucy Spotts, Charles' wife, that I had my introduction to teaching. In the summer of 1926 I was asked to help with the Primary Department of the Vacation School. Lucy Spotts and Mrs. Brinard were the teachers. I was one of their helpers. This experience opened the door to creative teaching for me. I cannot remember what was done during that session, but I began to feel comfortable as a teacher. Lucy and Charles Spotts remained our friends until their deaths. Lee and I visited Lucy in the hospital on the day she died, sitting with her so that Nancy could have a chance to talk briefly with the doctor. It was a final farewell to a lovely lady.

When I began teaching on my own, I taught in the Jr. Dept., teaching a group of little girls. I have a picture of that group. Mr. Spotts thought I would learn more about teaching if I developed my own curriculum. We chose the theme, "The Story of Jesus through Pictures." Mr. Spotts and I decided which parts of the story of Jesus' life we would emphasize, what portions of Scripture to use, what pictures were to be selected. The class session dealt with picture study, finding and discussing the story in the Bible, arranging the pictures in a booklet, interpreting and writing the story in their own words. Each week Mr. Spotts reviewed with me what had happened in the class period. We talked about the lesson plan I had made for the following Sunday. As I remember after all these years, those lesson plans would no longer be considered good plans because they focused on what the teacher would do and not on the students.

Eventually I became principal of the Jr. Dept. That was a whole

different ball game, but by this time I was teaching in the public schools. My work as principal was to provide a worship experience for the children, with their help, of course. I assisted in the selection of teachers (Mr. Spotts making the suggestions), in planning the curriculum of the Department along with the teachers, and dealing with problems that arose. The big problem was the boys' class. Over the years the boys were obstreperous from time to time. Seminary students, including some former football players, were brought in to teach.

There were problems until a college Freshman, Lawrence Helsel, became their teacher. He took time to be with the boys outside of class, having them up to his room in the dorm, taking them on hikes, being their friend, being interested in what they were interested in. Lawrence Helsel was the best boys' teacher while I was at St. Peter's. One of the sad commentaries on Lawrence was that, as he approached his Senior year in college, he was married secretly. Ministerial students were not allowed to be married unless they had special permission, nor would they be given financial help. Lawrence had to sign a form, saying he was not married. He was afraid his stipend would be cut off. Subsequently his marriage was discovered and by action of the Synod he was not allowed to continue as a ministerial student. Lawrence Helsel, one of the best teachers ever, was never to be allowed to become a minister in the Reformed Church because he married secretly and did not admit it. The even sadder part of all this was that other Synods were allowing their students to marry, even giving them their stipend. Mr. Spotts was very upset. He was certain that the Church was losing one of its best and most sensitive young men, sure to become a fine minister. Mr. Spotts had a number of us write to the Synod, telling of Lawrence's work and capabilities but to no avail. Word came back that the Synod's response was that not only did he marry but that he lied about it. "We can't have ministers who lie!" To this day I can feel the pain over this act of some self-righteous church leaders. I would like to know if the minister who pointed his finger at Lawrence ever told a lie!

There were two facets to the Youth Department of St. Peter's: the Church School Class and the Youth Fellowship which met on Sunday evenings. Dr. Paul Limbert and Mr. Spotts were co-sponsors of the Youth Fellowship. I can never fully exprerss my gratitude to these two men. Both Dr. Limbert and his wife, Anna, opened many doors for me. Mrs. Limbert was in charge of drama in the church. Today those are sometimes laughingly called "Bathrobe Dramas" because of the use of men's bathrobes to make the participants look like Biblical characters. The work under Anna Limbert gave Lee and me the courage to develop drama as a way of expressing the Christian faith in our church in Dallastown.

The Youth Fellowship was the really growing experience for me. Both Dr. Limbert and Dr. Spotts had stimulating, creative minds and were anxious to make young people think. It was here that I learned to express my ideas publicly. No idea, however naive, was rejected by these two men but they did not hesitate to push young people into deeper insights. They both had deep social consciences. Thirty years before the inter-racial explosion of the 50 - 60's we were meeting

with the Negro young people of Lancaster. We attended their church. They attended our church and our Youth Fellowship where we had time to talk together. I remember that when we attended the Negro church an offering was taken. Each of us from St. Peter's contributed the coins we had brought. After blessing the offering, it was counted and the minister said, "We will take another offering. We have not reached the goal we set for ourselves this evening." The pastor must have seen the consternation on the faces of the white young people attending the service, for he quickly added, "We will excuse our white friends and they may return home. We will remain here until we have reached our goal." With that we quietly left the church.

The young people of St. Peter's had opportunities to meet and discuss with outstanding speakers who came to F&M and the Seminary. We were encouraged to speak up, to ask questions, to disagree with ideas that were expressed because young people have a different perspective that should be seen and heard.

The college students were an exciting part of our Youth Fellowship. Many Freshmen came, but there were Upper Classmen too and an occasional Seminary student. The Freshmen were being hit with new ideas in their classes and were avid in their discussions. It was with these students that I felt most free to discuss and to disagree. Dr. Limbert and Rev. Spotts always allowed the discussions to roll, but frequently contributed their understanding of issues which we were tossing around.

Many of the young men whom we met in St. Peter's went on to become ministers and leaders in the Reformed Church. They too had their ideas enriched and broadened by these discussions. It was here that I first met Lee, although we did not date until his first year in Seminary and my first year of teaching. Bill Hartman was one with whom I often disagreed.

I try to remember other young people in our Youth Fellowship. I remember Helen Hoffecker, tall, beautiful and very bright, Clair and Harold Frantz, Bill and Charles Hartman. There were three sets of sister who were close friends: the Bucher sisters, the Burkholder sisters, the Hinkle sisters. The Bucher family was a returned missionary family from China. Of the seven Bucher children, Adeline and Martha were our age. They were students at Cedar Crest College. We never saw much of Frank, Jr. Growing up in China, playing with Chinese children more than the girls, had caused him to be different. Olive, Mary and Emma were in Jr. - Sr. High School. I taught Emma in church school and in Jr. High School. The youngest, Johnny, was always in trouble, but he grew up to be a minister. I remember the time he fell from the second floor balcony of their home and we feared for his life. The Bucher family was very artistic. Emma was very good at expressing herself verbally. Adeline was always the one in our group who prepared the artistic work for our programs and parties. These were the days when we were learning to play bridge. Marty (Martha) would always play but she insisted on reading while she played. (This slowed the game considerably.) Cards were not part of our church youth program but dancing was on occasion, much to the consternation of some of the older people.

The Burkholder sisters - Mary and Ruth - moved from New Holland to Lancaster shortly after the Hinkles moved from Littlestown. Mary was my age but she was two years back of me in school. Ruth was two years younger than Mary and was still in Jr. High School. Ruth and Olive Bucher were good friends. Mary became Pauline's and my good friend, perhaps our best friend in St. Peter's. She was in Pauline's wedding party.

We, the Hinkle sisters - Pauline and Anna Mary - found these other sets of sisters to be wonderful companions. However my relationship did not continue as long as Pauline's because I began dating Lee. I remember silly things about our friendships. One time we called Mrs. Burkholder on the phone and asked (in changed voice, of course), "Are you the Mrs. Burkholder who washes?" Dear, prim, proper Mrs. Burkholder answered seriously, " Why--- no." The caller responded, "Oh, you dirty thing." I can't remember who the caller was, but I think it was Mary. The incident does not seem as funny now (1987) as it did then but we went into gales of laughter. One evening we were at Burkholders, playing cards when the parents of one of Ruth's friends came to call. They were Mennonites and did not approve of cards. In the mad scramble to get rid of the cards we put some under the over-sized feet of Willard Noss. Poor boy had to sit entirely still until the visitors left.

My sister, Pauline, was active in St. Peter's but not as much as I in the early years. She taught a class of Jr. High girls, of whom Mary Bucher was one, the Bensinger daughter another and one of the Vollmer girls. (I taught the sisters of these girls in the Junior Department.)

Another set of sisters were older than the ones mentioned above and became our good friends as we grew older - Pearl and Ada Lobach. Pearl had a beautiful contralto voice. Ada sang alto. I sang in the choir too but was not much of an addition. When I began singing, Mrs. Schaffner was the choir director. Later Pearl Lobach became the director. I remember Pearl singing "O Holy Night" every Christmas until she became so weary of it that she refused to sing it again. It was after a bridge party at the Lobach's that Lee and I began dating. We dated for three years until he graduated from the Seminary before we were married. Pearl Lobach sang at our wedding.

I cannot turn from the Youth Fellowship of St. Peter's completely without mentioning Mr. Truxal. He attended many of our meetings. He was always chiding us if our ideas became too radical. He expected us to be what he called "young ladies and gentlemen" and not get too heated in our discussions. Finally, I think Mr. Spotts suggested to him that he was hindering our discussions and asked that he not attend so often. I think he did not attend at all after that.

I remember Mr. Hosterman as being quite different from Mr. Truxal in his attitude toward young people. I think he was interested in the scout program of the church. I remember Mrs. Schaeffer, quiet, sedate, always supportive of the young people. I remember Mrs. DeLong, mother of four tall daughters, always singing a half note after the congregation. I remember that Mrs. Hartman many times chiding Rev. Spotts after church if he had made a mistake in his grammar in the sermon.

It was through all these people that my world began to widen. The Buchers were missionaries stationed in China. Mrs. Burkholder was a sister of Christopher Noss, missionary in Japan. John Noss, his son, taught the Adult Bible class after Dr. Frantz relinquished it. He was Professor of Philosophy at F&M. Of the Seminary professors, it was Dr. Frantz and Dr. Delong whom I remember best. Dr. Frantz was the father of Clair and Harold. He taught New Testament at the Seminary and was teacher of the Adult study group at St. Peter's. I remember Dr. DeLong because of two stories. The one Mr. Spotts told us. When he was a student at the Seminary, Mary, the youngest of the DeLong daughters, was born. On that day Dr. DeLong came into the classroom and said in his strong Penna. Dutch accent, "Vell, poys, it's another damn girl." Years later when we had come back to Lancaster where Lee was a professor at the Seminaary, we learned that Mrs. DeLong was celebrating her birthday. Her daughter Peg had just died, Emily was in Europe, Mary and Dorothy were both ill. Dr. DeLong had died some years before. I felt she must be having a bleak birthday. That evening I suggested to Lee that we visit Mrs. Delong and take her a gift. What would we take? It was evening . The stores were closed. We had no time for searching. On impulse I suggested that we take a copy of the new edition of the Heidelberg Catechism, just printed in honor of its 400th. Anniversary. Not much of a gift and a strange one at that, but it was a gift. Sick in bed, Mrs. DeLong unwrapped the gift. On seeing what it was she gave a hearty chuckle. I began to apologize but Mrs. DeLong stopped me, "No, no!" she said. "You could not have given me a better gift. You know, the anniversary date of the Heidelberg Catechism was the only way Dr. Delong could remember my birthday!" Bless her!

In those days at St. Peter's (1925-1931) there was a Ladies Aid Society and a Woman's Missionary Society. My Mother was active in the Missionary Society and thoroughly enjoyed the mission study books. She took her turn in presenting the material. The missionary wives at St. Peter's made the pages of the books come alive for her. She might have been more intimidated in another church, but there in the group was Mrs. Oswin Frantz, whom Mother had taught in the Model School when Mother was a student at Millersville Normal School. She knew Mrs. DeLong as a fellow school mate years before when they were both students in the Prince St. Elementary School in Lancaster.

My father, although a member of St. Peter's, seldom attended church and never participated in its life. I have wondered since if he would have preferred being a member of First Reformed Church where his cousin was the pastor. He probabably was never given a voice in the matter.

Camps

St. Peter's opened another door for me in seeing that I had the opportunity to attend church camps. I graduated from Stevens High School in 1926. Mother and Daddy gave me $50 as a graduation gift. I used that money to attend a church camp, Camp Harmony, near Johnstown, PA. Mr.Spotts was teaching at the camp, so he and I went

together by train. We were met at the station by the camp truck. Just as we were about to leave, a woman came dashing up to the truck, asking to go with us. She was one of the camp teachers, wife of a University of Pennsylvania professor. She wore knickers! I had never seen an older woman (perhaps 30) wearing knickers. She rode on the back of the truck, feet dangling. The townspeople took time to stop and look.

The Camp Harmony summer was for me the first of many happy years in church camps. It was a Church of the Brethern camp site. rented for two weeks by the Reformed Church. This was only the second year of camping for the Reformed Church. I remember especially the drama class, Morning Watch and Vespers. I had never had an opportunity to go out in the morning with my Bible, to meditate. The air was cool, the birds singing, campers intent on their own thoughts. God seemed very close in the world of nature.

Catherine Miller Baum was the director of camp. She was the Youth Director of the denomination. The Rev. Fred Wentzel was there also, soon to be the new Director of Youth Work. This was my introduction to leaders of the larger church. Mr. Wentzel directed camp the next year at Camp Fernbrook near Trumbauersville, PA. One of the campers at Camp Harmony was tall, handsome Harold Baer, later to become one of our denomination's outstanding ministers and denominational leaders. I remember also Catherine Gruber. a school teacher from Reading, PA. She probably was a counsellor, though not my counsellor. I can't remember who was mine. Mr. Spotts and I were the only ones attending that camp from St. Peter's Church.

The next year (1927) Peg DeLong and I represented St. Peter's at Camp Fernbrook. We were the long and the short of it. Peg was very tall and I was very short. Ann Omwake drove us to camp. She loved to drive fast. When we would hit a bump in the road, Peg would fly up and hit the roof of the car. Camp Fernbrook was not intended to be a camp for youth groups. It was a "family style" camp with cottages for families. So the cabin groups were quite small. Peg and I were lodged two to a room in a cabin with three rooms. In one room were two "older women" - one with gray hair. In the third room was Rev. Wentzel's secretary. "Lappy," Miss Etna Lappin. Peg and I felt a little "put upon", being housed with these older women, but they were fun too. I cannot remember much of what happened in these first years of camp. The missionaries, Helen and David Baker, were among the leaders at Fernbrook. He was such fun and kept the girls giggling.

The Rev. Fred Wentzel was the camp director and had his family with him - Mrs. Wentzel and son Dick, three or four years old. One afternoon during rest period, we heard a loud squalling outside our cabin. There was "Pappy" (Sarkis Papajian), soaking wet, carrying under his arm an equally wet Dick, yelling at the top of his lungs. Dick had wandered too close to the edge of the boat pier and had fallen into the water. Pappy jumped in to rescue him and was none too haappy about the whole thing.

I did not return to Fernbrook the next year but went with Dr. and Mrs. Limbert to Camp Winnipesauke in New Hampshire. There were others from St. Peter's who went to Camp Fernbrook that year, including my

sister, Pauline. I attended Camp Winnipesauke two years (1928, 1929).

Once again my world was widened with that trip to New Hampshire. I could not have gone had not the Limberts taken me with them. They took their little daughter, Betty, with them. Anna Limbert was pregnant with the baby who was to become their second daughter, Martha. Camp "Winni" was one of the International Geneva Camps, set up by the International Council of Religious Education. Winni drew campers from New England, New York, New Jersey, with a few from Pennsylvania. There may have been campers from other areas in the east, but I do not remember.

These International Camps were set up on the Indian tribal system. Each girl (no co-ed camps then) was assigned to a different tribe. All games, sports, special events were carried out by the tribes, with competition riding high as the camping period progressed. Once again it was Morning Watch and Vespers that struck most deeply into my feelings. I do not remember the classes. The Akita Key was an important part of that camping program. After four years of attending camp and a continuing program at home of individual meditation, along with good participation in the work of the home, campers were given an Akita Key at graduation. While I had not been at Winni for four years, I was given credit for my other two camping years and was allowed to graduate. I was eligible for the Akita Key. I got mine, but almost did not. Dr. Limbert told me later that my mother's report was not very flattering as to my participation in the care of the home. If Dr. Limbert had not been there to explain that I had a very strict mother in her ideas of what a young person should do and had he not said that I was no different from other teenagers, I would not have been given a key.

At the graduation ceremony at Winni I was one of the speakers. I rather gather that I did well because the next year as plans were being made for the Christian Youth Council of North America to be held in Toronto, Canada in 1930, I was suggested as one of the speakers for the joint session of the Youth Council and the International Sunday School Association (an adult group) which was being held at the same time as the Youth Council. After some discussion it was decided that I was too short to be on the podium. A taller person would make a better appearance. C'est la vie!

The year I graduated from Winni (1929) was the first year of Camp Mensch Mill, the first camp to be owned by the Reformed Church. I was a counsellor at that camp and was given the cabin built by Lancaster Classis for my group. Once again the group was of mixed ages. Ethel Shellenberger was one of my cabin group and was just my age. Once again there was another "older" woman in the cabin group. The girl I remember best, other than Ethel, was Mary Helen Keyser from Collegeville, PA. Marian Freed was also a member of that group. A number of these girls later became camp counsellors and teachers.

As Director of Youth Work for the denomination, Rev. Fred Wentzel set the pattern for the camp. There were no "Indian tribes," no set competitive program. Neither was it merely a recreational camp. It was a co-ed camp. I do not know that there was a set theme, but the classes had a serious purpose of widening our world in Bible, in

understanding our society and its problems, enlarging our relationship with young people of different races and ethnic groups. Leaders were most often ministers of the denomination but at least one each year was from outside our denomination. Once again Morning Watch and Vespers were deepening experiences for me. Somehow I have never been able to make "Personal Devotions" become at home what these worship experiences were at camp. Vesper Hill at Camp Mensch Mill became an important part of the life of hundreds of young people over the years. Climbing the hill in total silence, finding the spot with a view you wanted to see or finding a place near a close friend, listening to the words of the worship leader, singing hymns that have remained with you over the years, watching the changing sky and the silent walk down the hill - all these made up "Vesper Hill" in our memories.

I remember, in one of the worship services I led, using the story of the young Indian lad who, as part of his initiation into his tribe, was sent out to climb a mountain and bring back the most important thing he could find. As he climbed he found various things that were symbols of importance to his future life. (I can no longer remember what they were). None of them seemed to be of greatest importance. It was not until he reached the top of the mountain and caught a vision of the "World Beyond" that he found what he was seeking. He had nothing to take back with him but that vision of a world greater than any he had ever known. That is what St. Peter's and camp gave to me. Years later camper friends would tell me that they still remember the Indian boy and his vision.

The Christian Youth Council of North America

In 1930 I was one of four young people selected to represent the Reformed Church at the Christian Youth Council of North America. This was held in Toronto at the same time as the International Sunday School Convention. There were about 200 young people attending from all over the United States and Canada. I was really pleased to be so honored. I am sure the invitation came as a result of my experiemce at Camp Winnipesauke and at the suggestion of both Dr. Limbert and Mr. Wentzel. It is strange that I cannot remember how I got to Toronto. By train? By automobile? With the Limberts? I remember that I went to Toronto in connection with my attending summer school at Cornell University but I have no recollection of my mode of travel.

Once again my world was widened. I had never been outside the United States. It was fun to hear the Canadian policemen talk. I can still hear the brogue of one policeman when we asked him for directions. "Go doon to the firrrst schtop and gae licht. Turrrrn richt and gae doon two mare schtop and gae lichts.."(I know that is poor dialect spelling but it is the best I can do.) In the Council meeting we met in small groups and in large assemblies. The theme of the Council meeting was "Christian Youth Building a Better World." What high hopes we young people had for peace in the world (this was 1930), for an equal place for negroes, a solution to our nation's economic problems - in the midst of the Great Depression. Years later Betty Achtemeier , a fellow faculty wife at the Seminary, spoke in derisive terms of this theme, saying "Young poeople cannot build a better

world. Only God can build a better world." That hurt and still rankles (1987). Elephants and I have long memories.

In the small groups we were encouraged to express our viewpoints. In the large assemblies there were outstanding speakers. I knew some of them from my days at Camp Winni. After 57 years it is hard to recall their names. When we joined the Sunday School Association Assembly in a joint session, I had something of a pang in my heart when a tall black haired young gal spoke for the Youth Council and I knew that I could have been there if the Lord had only allowed me to be a little taller. Of the young people who were there, I remember the names of only two - Bob Eads and Bill Jenne (pronounced Ja-nai). Bob Eads met a young girl there and they were married, coming to the 1934 Youth Council meeting as bride and groom. Bill Jenne went on to be on the staff of the National Council of Churches. I met a beautiful black woman as we were in the dorm bathroom for evening ablutions. We talked about the problems of being a negro in our society. The big bugaboo at that time which was presented as a reason for the negroes not entering white society was the problem of intermarriage. She said that if only white people would understand that negroes were no more anxious for intermarriage than white people. Now 60 years later that same bugaboo still rears its ugly head, although a little progress has been made in an inter-racial society.

At the end of our Council meeting, we young people joined a larger group of young people in a Youth Conference, with several thousand young people attending. The Rev. Edward Bonsall (Bonnie), Director of Youth of the Pennsylvania Sabbath School Association had brought a large group of young people from Pennsylvania to attend that Conferencee. I joined that group because I knew them better than the Reformed Church Council young people. One of the young people was David Albertson, a college classmate of Lee's. One evening we "coupled" when we all went to a Park for an evening of entertainment. (Dave was engaged to Evelyn Jones and I was engaged to Lee at that time.) When the crowd all went on the "Big Dip", I didn't want to go because I hated them. I was ashamed to admit that I was scared to death. Dave said he would stay with me while the others went on it. Then I really felt ashamed until Dave said he hated "The Big Dip" too. That made me feel better. The sessions of the Youth Conference did not mean as much to me because of the size of the group. We did not meet in small groups and were not there to face issues as we had in the Council. We met entirely in assemblies.

In 1934 I was again asked to attend, this time as an advisor, the second Christian Youth Council meeting, to be held at Lake Geneva, Wisc., (Bill Jenne and the Eads were there too.) By this time I was married and was not sure I could afford to go. I called Mr. Wentzel to see if any others were going with whom I could have a ride. I was pleased that he said I could go with the Reformed Church representatives. He told me later that the reason he accepted me so quickly was that, "It would look better in the church paper if the name of a pastor's wife was included with the names of the young people who were driving from Pennsylvania to Wisconsin." (How times have changed!) Bill Hartman of St. Peter's was one of the four young people chosen to represent the Reformed Church that year. I doubt if any other church in our denomination had two representatives to

successive national youth meetings.

We had fun on that trip. "Lappy", Mr. Wentzel's secretary went with us as far as Pittsburg where we spent the night with her family. We went on to Chicago where we stayed at the home of a Northwestern University professor, a friend of Bill Hartman's father. We stayed there several days and attended the Chicago World's Fair. Bill told us a joke on himself concerning the professor. He (Bill) was having a hard time with a particular course at Med School. His father suggested that he take a summer course under his friend at Northwestern. At the end of the summer the professor said to Bill, "I can't understand how Ed Hartman's son can be so damn dumb!" We all thought this was hilarious because we knew that Bill was not that dumb.

I do not remember the theme of this Council meeting but it was interesting to me for another reason. That was the summer that the Evangelical Synod of North America and the Reformed Church in the U.S. merged and became the Evangelical and Reformed Church. By sheer coincidence at our first meal we sat across the table from the youth group of our merging partner. It was the first time any of us had met young people from the other church. Hap Pflug was the Adult advisor of that youth group. Later Hap and Lee became colleagues in our two church Seminaries, Hap at Eden Theological Seminary and Lee at Lancaster Theological Seminary.

I think this will conclude my recollections of my life before the entry of Lee into my life. I realize that I haven't written anything about my teaching years. Perhaps at another time I will add that to this story. I do want to add one more thing. I do want to thank St. Peter's Church for the enrichment it gave to my life, and to express my appreciation to the two men who were responsible for that enrichment: the Rev. Dr. Charles Spotts and Dr. Paul Limbert. Never has a young girl been given so much in her devlopment of the Christian faith in so short a time. I was 15 years old when I "found" St. Peter's and was 21 when I was married and was dismissed from that church. (I never really left it.)